Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI.

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

What spell lies on the street to-day?
I found it dull not long ago;
Now these old houses, dim and gray,
Seem bright with a mysterious glow;
And even the sober trees look gay
That once I called "a gloomy row."

Ah! then I longed for sunny fields,
Where bud and bell fresh leaves unfold;
But now the joy this pavement yields
Is quite as much as heart can hold:
Think you some great magician wields
His wand, transmuting stone to gold?

Sweetheart, you know the reason why
Such witchery hangs about the place;
From one small window—all too high—
There shyly leans a flower-like face,
That smiles to see me loiter by,
Though Time—the tyrant—runs apace.

And be the morning dark or fair,
I carry to my daily toil
The light that shines from eyes and hair,
Which neither rain nor wind can spoil;
And to the grimeful city bear
Pure thoughts that naught can stain or soil.

Oh! happy he who thus may take
Heart-sunshine into mart or mill;
And happy she who for his sake
Can smile behind the humblest sill;
The world its wiser head may shake,
But Love's the true magician still.
—E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal

An Experiment

By ALISON MUNDAY.

ON the night of Prof. Warwick's death, two high school boys, Billy Williams and Eben Hyde, were taking a short cut across the campus, when they noticed a peculiar light shining through the cracks of the laboratory blinds. In telling of it afterwards, Williams said:

"When I first peeped in, the light almost blinded me. The whole room was as red as blood, and when I looked over my shoulder to see if any one was coming, I saw green moons everywhere. After a while I got used to the glare, and it seemed to grow paler and paler, until it was so white it dazzled me. The air was full of silvery-looking waves" (this was first mentioned in the third or fourth repetition of the tale) "and when Prof. Warwick bent over the crucible, his face glowed as if there were a lamp inside of his head. Just then the blind squeaked and, as he looked toward us, his eyes shone like a cat's at night. Then Eben started to run and I ran after him."

Hyde, who had a less vivid imagination, said he didn't notice how the professor looked, but he saw he was cooking something, and that he held some kind of a jar in his hand and smoke was coming out in white rings. "Just then," he said, "Billy started to run and I thought the janitor was after us, so I ran too, and just as we turned the corner of the medical building, there was a noise like thunder, and we both fell down."

At the sound of the explosion, the students who were exercising in the gymnasium nearby had come running to the scene. The door was locked, but, finding the blinds ajar, they crowded through the window, scratched matches, and surveyed the ruin. Hurled in every direction were broken glass, fallen plaster, and shattered instruments, but there was no trace of Prof. Warwick—no blood, no clothing, nothing to show what had become of him. Soon the professors came hurrying from every direction, then the townspeople, and, in a few moments, the campus was filled with an excited crowd. There was a babel of conjectures, and the two boys, swelling with importance, told their story over and over. Mayor West, returning from a drive with his family, stopped to make inquiry. Learning the shocking news, he gave the lines to his daughter, and joined the crowd in the campus. Harry Ambler, a senior, begged permission to take Mr. West's place in the carriage, and, while driving homeward, gave a highly-colored version of the boy's story. The warm moonlight, filtering through the over-arching branches, scattered silver flakes upon Isabel's brown hair. She drooped forward so that her delicate face was in shadow, but her round white neck gleamed like ivory, and, as he talked, the young man's eyes lingered over the details of her beauty. Possibly he was not wholly sorry that his most dangerous rival had gone out in a blaze of glory.

Meanwhile the crowd surged in and out of the laboratory, discussing the situation from every possible point, and finally began moving off in groups of excited talkers. The faculty, after appointing a meeting for the following morning, withdrew to their homes; the townspeople scattered to theirs; the students, with whom the young professor had been extremely popular, went quietly to the dormitories, and gloom and silence settled upon the town.

Yet, all this time, Warwick's body was lying as it had fallen, in the middle of the floor, face upwards, the features sharp and thin in their pallor, the dark brows drawn into the anxious frown they had worn in that last moment of consciousness. Coating the entire body and spreading like a film on the floor, was something undefinable; was it liquid, or vapor, or flame? —gliding, faintly glowing, smearing like oil, shimmering in the darkness with iridescent tints.

Early the following morning, Scott, the janitor, came in. The young professor had always been kind to him, and the old man went sadly to work, clearing up the wreckage. Roused by the sound, Warwick spoke: "Help me up, Scott," he whispered faintly, but the old man continued his work without, apparently, noticing him.

"Scott," he gasped again. The janitor stopped and looked about him with a face as white as death.

"Oh, Scott!" Warwick repeated in an agonized whisper, "don't you see me?" With an awful cry, the old man leaped through the window and ran for his life.

One or two students on their way to breakfast, some time later, leaned through the window. "He certainly played the dickens," one remarked. "I wonder if it could have been suicide?"

"Hope he wouldn't be such a fool," said the other, "and what would he do it for? He was the luckiest fellow—"

The refectory bell began ringing and they moved off. Warwick sat up, closed his eyes and sank back, then, rallying all his forces, struggled to his feet and leaned against the window frame. His pulses were beating deafeningly and his feet tingled as if full of needles. He would have fallen had he not caught hold of the window-sill.

Evans and Martin, two members of the football team, looked in.

"Somebody started a cock and bull story about this place being haunted," Evans said, leaning forward to get a better view. As he did so, he laid his hand upon Warwick's and reeled back, his face livid. Martin began pounding him on the back; two or three passers, running up, laid him on the grass and tore open his collar; others, swelling the crowd, stood on tiptoe to catch sight of him, and hazarded the information that he was "in a fit from overtraining." Presently he sat up, made some explanations to the inner circle, and, having been helped to his feet, went off in a shame-faced way with the crowd.

Sick in body and mind, Warwick crawled feebly through the window and followed them. Hoping for some opportunity of explanation, he went to chapel, where Dr. Austin, the president, motioning toward the place where Warwick was sitting, spoke touchingly of "that vacant chair," then announced the suspension of all college work for the remainder of the week, and the selection of Friday for the memorial services.

On the appointed day, the Presbyterian church, the largest building in town, was packed to suffocation. Warwick had taken the precaution of going early and sitting on the edge of the platform where he was sure no one would jostle against him. At half past three the faculty marched slowly in, to the strains of Chopin's funeral march, and seated themselves on the platform; after them came the trustees, then the seniors in cap and gown, followed by the lower classmen, then the mayor and city council, and, finally, a great wave of femininity, in diaphanous lawns and with hats like a parterre of flowers. The aisles were filled with chairs until there was no more standing room, and through the open windows he could see a crowd of people who could not get in. He scanned the sea of faces in search of one he hoped was there, and, by following the glances of Ambler and a dozen others, he finally discovered it in the front row of the gallery. White as her dress, and with dark shadows under her blue eyes, Isabel fanned herself and listened absently to the whispered remarks of her neighbors.

Suddenly Warwick became conscious that the preliminary exercises were over, and that Dr. Austin was speaking. People were shedding tears as he told of the struggles of the young man to get through college, of his wonderful success in his chosen profession, of his enthusiasm at the discovery of radium, and of his conviction that one might go a step farther and render opaque bodies perfectly transparent, if only one could find the right combinations.

Warwick looked up at Isabel. She was leaning forward now, her face flushed, her lips quivering as she breathlessly followed the speaker. Suddenly she made a wild gesture, as if an overwhelming thought had struck her, and, covering her face with her hands, she leaned back, apparently weeping.

As he stood on a bench, waiting for the audience to pass, he was deaf to the people's murmured comments on Isabel's behavior, as well as to the oft-repeated wonder as to what could have become of his body. He was conscious of only two things—she understood what had befallen him and she cared.

The long summer vacation was over, and Dr. Austin was looking over an accumulation of letters. Gazing through the door he could see from where he sat a group of students lounging under the trees, and the sound of the college song they were singing mingled with the noise of hammering at the laboratory near by. He frowned and sighed, thinking of the superstitions that had grown up around that building. The janitor, Scott, had absolutely refused to enter the place, and it had remained a wreck all summer. Macarthy, who had been bribed to do some scrubbing, now walked across the field of vision, bucket in hand, and the doctor, again sighing, opened the next letter in the pile. As he read, his face grew stern; he glanced at the signature, "John Warwick;" at the postmark, "Boston, Mass." His face was pale with indignation. This was no subject for a silly hoax. The writer explained how, in the course of his investigations he had either discovered a new element (and this he could only verify by further experiments), or had stumbled upon a combination which united with the familiar quality of self-luminosity the power of imparting transparency to opaque objects. He had himself been rendered invisible by a sudden explosion due to his ignorance of the substances which he was investigating, and had spent the past three months in finding an antidote to the mysterious elements which had been absorbed into his system. He now begged permission to return to his duties as, in spite of his painful experiences, his faculties were unimpaired.

At this moment Dr. Austin became conscious of an uproar in the campus. An excited throng was surging about the laboratory. As he stepped out on to the porch to investigate the cause the crowd broke into a run, headed by Macarthy, who, armless and legless, came flying toward him, followed by workmen and students.

"Why! Why!" exclaimed the doctor, "what on earth has happened?"

"It's bewitched, I am!" Macarthy vociferated. "Whin I was scrubbing the shpot on the flure, me arms and legs cam' off."

Every one felt of him; his arms and legs were as tangible as ever, but totally invisible. There was a confusion of voices, and the hubbub was momentarily increasing when Macarthy, breaking away, fled homeward, spreading panic at every step.

Dr. Austin sent his answer immediately by the noon mail.

One week later everybody was at the railroad station, the president and faculty, the trustees and students, the mayor and city council, waiting with addresses of welcome, while the platform was crowded with representative citizens, and all about the station were carriages filled with ladies. Only Isabel West was at home, reading for the hundredth time the letter she had received from John Warwick the day before.

A whistle was heard in the distance, a rumbling, as the train crossed the bridge, the engine swept into view around the curve, rushed past the station, slowed up and stopped, panting heavily. The band began playing. People broke into cheers, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The passengers, stretching their necks out of the train windows, wondered why people were mobbing the tall, athletic young fellow who stood blushing like a schoolboy and smiling tremulously. Then, as the train moved off, there was a mighty roar of students' voices: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis-boom rah! What's the matter with Warwick? He's all right! Who's all right? Warwick!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

ONCE A DANGEROUS COUNTRY.

Risks Run by Inn Guests When Dueling Was in Vogue in Ireland.

"Ireland is not so dangerous a country to travel in as it used to be," said Victor Herbert, relates an exchange. "The Irish are not such fire-eaters now as they once were.

"Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist, was my grandfather, and he, in middle life, had in Ireland an experience that illustrated well the perils of travel at that time.

"My grandfather was on the way to Cork. He was traveling by coach, and on a certain day he stopped for luncheon at a roadside inn.

"A servant led him to an upstairs room, took his order and retired.

"My grandfather drew up his chair to the table, and soon the servant, reappearing, set before him a plate that contained half a grilled chicken. My grandfather was about to fall to upon the chicken when—cr-r-rack—his plate split clean across and the fowl shot up nearly into the ceiling. At the same time a waiter, pale and tremulous, ran into the room, crying, 'He's safe. He's safe.'

"'Who's safe?' said my grandfather, testily.

"'Mr. O'Musgrave,' said the waiter. 'The captain fired in the air.'

"It was, you see, the bullet of a duelist, and of an indoor duelist at that, which had come up through the ceiling and interrupted my grandfather's meal."

HE BLAMED THE DOCTOR.

Wasn't Responsible for Medical Man's Herrors in Dog's Nosing His Case."

Some years ago the inhabitants of S—— were moved to pity and charity by the appearance in their streets of a cadaverous-looking man, who turned the handle of a barrel-organ, upon which was prominently displayed a large card bearing the pathetic appeal: "Six months only to live. Wife and children to provide for."

For several weeks, says a London paper, the cadaverous one regularly raked in a harvest of coppers, then he disappeared.

Four years later a townsman saw him in a distant city, with the same organ and the same pathetic legend on it.

"I saw you with that notice four years ago at S——" said the S—— man, sternly, pointing to the "six months to live."

"Very likely, sir," said the cadaverous but evidently tough and leathery one, coolly. "I ain't responsible for my medical man's herrors in dog's nosing my complaint."

TALK ABSOLUTELY USELESS.

Son-in-Law Was in Position to Speak His Mind and Became Philosophic.

"Put yourself in my place, young man. Would you want your only daughter to marry a penniless youth?"

"Put yourself in my place, sir. Would you want to remain a penniless youth when there were rich men's daughters to marry?"

"You confess that you'd marry my child simply for her father's wealth?"

"And you confess that you withhold her from me simply because of my poverty?"

"What other reason do I need?"

"What other reason could influence you?"

"This talk is quite useless."

"Quite."

"We have nothing to gain by it."

"Absolutely nothing."

"You take it philosophically."

"Why shouldn't I? Your daughter and I were quietly married a month ago."

"Good gracious!"

Truly Illogical.

Gustave Whitehead, the aeronaut of Bridgeport, Conn., was discussing the aeronautical work of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell.

"Prof. Bell's work is logical," he said; "whereas too much of the work of our aeronauts is illogical—quite as illogical as the remark that a young Swede once made to me in a storm.

"The Swede and I were out walking together when a storm came up. The rain fell violently. We took refuge under a tree.

"The tree for about 15 minutes made a good refuge. Then it began to leak. The cold raindrops began to fall down my neck, and I began to complain.

"'Oh, never mind,' said the Swede; 'there are plenty of trees. As soon as this one is wet through we'll go under another.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

As Others See Us.

Algernon—It—aw—takes nine tailors to—aw—make a man, doncher know.

Jack—According to that, I suppose a dressmaker was employed in your case.—Chicago Daily News.

SHIPWRECKED ON A CANNIBAL ISLAND

Terrible Experience of Five Survivors Among Savages.

Escape a Watery Grave Only to Be Captured and Fattened for a Feast of the Man-Eaters—Rescue Finally Effected By One of Their Number.

Philadelphia.—Few persons would relish the terrible but thrilling experience of four sailors, Thomas Ellis, John Niessen, Thomas Davis and Robert Macgregor, who recently arrived at Philadelphia, and many a man less hearty would have died through sheer fright had he undergone the ordeal.

To be saved from a watery grave when their ship was wrecked on the rocky coast of an island off New Guinea, only to be washed up on a shore of a land infested by cannibals, then to fall into the hands of a band of savages to be tortured and mutilated at their pleasure and finally to be fattened for a feast, is a fate not pleasant to contemplate, but the victims still live and bear the scars of their experience to corroborate their remarkable story.

Wrecked in Terrible Storm.

Last July while the ship Aigburth was sailing near New Guinea, bound from New South Wales for Java for a cargo of sugar for Philadelphia, the vessel encountered a terrible storm. It was a storm typical of these parts and rent the ship from stem to stern. Storms at sea are no uncommon occurrence, but if ever an earthquake struck a ship, the Aigburth encountered one on this trip.

Capt. Reed, commander of the vessel, seeing that the ship could not long withstand the terrible pounding of the waves and water, ordered the boats lowered. Ellis, Davis, Niessen, Macgregor, the captain and two seamen were the last to leave the dismantled and sinking craft. The two seamen were soon swept overboard and were lost in the angry waters. The rest, after a trying experience, made their way to the shore.

Tney Passed from Branch to Branch Among the Trees Like Monkeys.

Only Five Saved.

Of the 27 souls aboard, only these five were saved. They had hardly left the tattered hulk before the remains of the once stanch vessel were dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The survivors congratulated each other on their narrow escape from the briny deep, and thought the worst of their experience was over. Although there were no signs that the island was inhabited, they thought that after the storm had swept its course, they would be able to rescue enough foodstuffs from the wreck to sustain them until they could signal some passing vessel and make their way to civilization, but the worst was still to come.

Land of Strange People.

They had been on the island hardly an hour before they noticed a swarm of natives over their heads, passing from branch to branch among the trees like monkeys, and with hardly a sound greater than that which might be caused by a whisper. The shipwrecked sailors were considerably frightened by the sight, but later learned that it was one of a tribe of many others on the island that used both their hands and feet with equal ease in traveling.

They found that much of the land on the island was low and marshy and that the natives had to travel in the trees or not at all. The latter were trained to this method of locomotion from childhood, but the sight of their dexterity astonished the Americans, who naturally had never seen anything like it before.

They were all big, powerful men, and their arms and legs were covered with ornaments, fashioned out of shells and stones, strung on a sort of fiber that they used as we use twine and rope.

Shipwrecked Men Made Prisoners.

The natives seemed as much frightened on the advent of the shipwrecked sailors as were the latter, but after some little sign making and advances, some of the leaders came down from the trees. Four of them lifted their boat out of the water and carefully examined it.

Reed, the captain, had managed to save a rifle from the wreckage which he had brought with him. This was something new to the natives, and when he fired it they immediately swarmed up the trees, but finally came back again.

It was not long before several hundred had gathered, and they soon made the five men prisoners. For a day they were treated with some consideration, when a new leader appeared.

Then their troubles began.

Capt. Reed shot one of the men, killing him, and during the excitement which followed the shipwrecked sailors made off into the woods.

Rival Bands in Battle.

They did not dare to go far inland, and before long fell in with another band of savages.

The latter indicated by signs that they were looking for the camp the white men had just left.

The two tribes were evidently not on friendly terms, and together they made their way back to the scene of the wreck, where a battle was fought, in which the new-found friends won the day. The shipwrecked sailors then established a camp near the shore and for nearly a week were not disturbed, when they were again attacked by their first captors, but with the assistance of some of the members of the other tribe managed to beat them off.

Then followed another period of two weeks of comparative rest and quiet, when another fierce fight took place, and their friends were defeated and routed.

Fought with Poisoned Arrows.

Ellis, in relating their experiences, says the savages fought with lances made of a very hard wood, and with arrows, thrown out of the hand by a neat trick that he had never seen before. The warriors took the arrows with the point forward and, resting them between the two first fingers, with the thumbs down, and the little finger up, made a sort of a spring out of their fingers and shot the darts with amazing speed and accuracy. The tips were all dipped in poison, so that only a superficial wound was necessary to cause death. These darts were not very heavy, nor long.

They later learned the welcome news that they were to be eaten, and that they were safe from that form of death, as the savages will not eat anybody who has been killed by the deadly poison.

The natives, however, held the single rifle, the only means of protection of the white men, in great awe, and while they remained in possession of it their lives were comparatively safe.

Their peace, however, was short-lived, for before long they were again captured by their original foes.

Tortured by the Savages.

One of the men, Niessen, received an unmerciful beating for letting a pole fall on the head of one of the chiefs. The accident was entirely unintentional, and while he lay insensible on the ground the savage hurled a heavy rock down upon him and crushed three of his toes.

The rest of the prisoners were all securely bound and could render their partner no assistance, but finally one of the men managed to release himself and cut off the poor fellow's toes before he regained consciousness. This act undoubtedly saved Niessen's life.

Others of the survivors have terrible remembrances of their experience. One, Davis, was branded with a red-hot stone on his back, and the livid scar still remains. Ellis has two such brands. Macgregor had a sharp lance almost driven through his shoulder by one of the cannibals, and Capt. Reed did not escape his share.

Captain Makes His Escape.

But the rough treatment finally stopped and they were taken to another part of the island. Capt. Reed in the meantime had made his escape to the inland and was searching for the band that had befriended them.

Tortured by the Cruel Savages.

The rest were taken some ten miles from the place of their landing to the permanent camp of the tribe. Here they learned from the logs of other vessels that had been wrecked on the unfriendly coast that they need expect no mercy at the hands of the savages.

More than one poor soul had evidently been offered up here as a sacrifice to the cannibal chief. They were some distance inland, and there were no hopes of signaling any passing vessel.

Here they were given rude huts to live in and left to themselves. The cannibals, however, kept a rigid watch over their captives and they were given to understand that they would be well treated if they made no attempt to escape.

Fattened for a Feast.

Food was regularly brought to them, and the men at that time had no knowledge of what was in store for them.

Their only hope was that Capt. Reed would in some manner effect their rescue, or that another wreck would bring some men with weapons and boats to the island.

With nothing to occupy their time, they passed much of their time sleeping, which seemed to greatly please the natives. One big, ugly-looking native, evidently the chief, kept close watch on their condition, and soon the terrible truth dawned upon them that they were being fattened for a feast of the cannibals, but they were helpless and alone and with no seeming hope for escape from the terrible fate.

There was not a weapon of any kind among them, not even a knife, with which they might have killed themselves, had they so desired.

But life was dear to them and they proposed to make the savages pay dearly for their feast. They also hoped against hope that Reed might come to their rescue.

It was a trying experience for the shipwrecked men, and it is remarkable that they lived to tell the tale.

Awful Fate of Others.

They learned from the writings of sailors who had probably figured in cannibal feasts in other years, and their fate was very similar; their situation and daily life was much the same. But all the time their ultimate doom was approaching, they were fast fattening under the lazy life they were leading, to the great satisfaction of the cannibals.

Nothing was heard of Reed, and it was feared that he had also met an untimely fate.

In the center of the camp was a large and rudely built oven, or rather funeral pyre, on which some former poor victim had probably been executed. It was a sickening sight for the poor captives. They were later taken to a small island some distance from the mainland, where they were kept under a close guard.

The cause of this, as they afterwards learned, was that a battle was impending. They also learned that they were to be served at the dinner which was to follow the victory which was anticipated.

Rescued by Comrade.

But here their plans were defeated, as the leading force was led by none other than Capt. Reed, and although the battle was long and desperate, lasting three days and nights, Reed with his rifle, for which he had an abundance of ammunition, was able to inspire the smaller force with a degree of confidence that brought ultimate victory.

The captives were then released from their prison on the island and for several days rested in comfort in the camp where their former captors had intended they should be served as food. A few days later they made their way back to the scene of the wreck, where a goodly stock of the stores of their vessel was found.

The life boat was still there and in good condition, and they decided to risk their lives on the water, rather than remain any longer on the island. After several days of a more or less perilous trip, they were finally picked up by a vessel bound for an Australian port. From there they made their way to England and finally shipped on board a vessel bound for Philadelphia.

Rescued by the Aid of a Single Rifle.

Tales of experiences of shipwrecked sailors on islands inhabited by cannibals are common in works of present day writers, but none are more strange or wonderful than this, which goes to prove the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Tons of Physic.

Three tons of Epsom salts and 1,000,000 pills were used in the hospitals of London last year.